

A D V I C E

TO THE

W R I T E R S

In DEFENCE of

D O U G L A S.

— *Servum pecus! ut mihi saepe*
Bilem, saepe jecum vestri movere tumultus.

HOR.

I Who's weak Numbers struggled to display
The hidden Beauties of our *Scottish Play*,
Zealous a rising Genius to commend,
And praise the Poet of my native Land
In Verse more lofty, now attempt to plan
The Vindication of the holy Man,
Instruct his Champions how to deal their Blows,
And overcome his superstitious Foes.

LET

LET not harsh Epithets affright the Nine,
 Nor let a — disfigure ev'ry Line,
 Left puzzled Readers curse the cautious Sot,
 Who for each Name he writes must make a Blot.

FROM scandalising Anecdotes refrain,
 And scorn to combat with a poison'd Pen;
 If to provoke contending Parties loth
 A *Janus bifrons* countenances both,
 Let him secure his double Visage shew;
 Nor box and buffet that which smiles on you.
 Or should a Prophet all his Sorrows drown
 In mighty Flasks of Claret not his own,
 Shall ye like HAM, 'gainst whom God's Vengeance
 rose,

A fuddled Father's Nakedness expose?
 In all your meagre Writings stands confess,
 Great Want of Liquor, and great Want of Taste.

Good

Good Poets owe their Fury to the Vine,
But thin Potations weaken ev'ry Line.*

OR if each Priest to expiate his Crimes,
Must hitch and hobble in your trotting Rhimes?
His Character's peculiar Out-lines sketch,
Nor by a Nickname single out the Wretch,
As bungling Limners, who distrust their Paint,
Write in plain *English* what their Pencil meant.

SUBDUED the Prize of Wit and Humour yield
Nor try the Sword of Ridicule to wield;
Aukward you totter with that Sword oppress,
Like JESSÉ's Boy in manly Armour drest.

YOUR Strength consists, (Heav'n knows I don't de
In Compositions stay'd, sedate and grave. [ceive

How

* Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus. —

HOR.

How many lolling read in easy Chair,
 Your soporifick, *serious* Pamphleteer,
 Whose labour'd Period uniformly still
 To softest Slumbers his Admirers fill
 NOR boasting venture falsely to assert,
 That ev'ry Genius battles on your Part,
 When Men impartial in the Balance weigh,
 What Works deride, and what extoll the Play:
 Then shall poor DOUGLAS see his Foes prevail,
 And start at TEKEL written on his Scale.

F I N I S.